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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE CHARGE.

(A ballad of battle. By Grantland Rice.)

"Form fours!"—the grim command rang out.
Adown the line where nerves were tense;
"Draw sabers!"—and the smothered shout
But added to the deep suspense;
"Charge!"—ah, the tension ended then.
With leaping pulse and heart of flame,
Unbroken line of mounted men,
On up the hill we came—we came.

On up the hillside, horse and man,
Where Death stood waiting at the wire;
But there was none within our clan
To falter in the galling fire;
Save where, as deadly rifle pealed
Its message from the rampart's roof,
Dull eyed, some shattered trooper reeled
From saddle bow to pounding hoof.

On up the hillside, through the rain
Of crimson dew that stained the trail;
Out from the shelter of the plain
Across the sweep of leaden hail,
Where sabers flashed and rifle crashed,
Where shrapnel sang its song of hate;
But on and on we dashed
And cursed and jeered and laughed at fate.

Through yellow smoke that blurred the sky,
Against low ramparts belching red,
We only saw with bloodshot eye
The foeman's flag that waved ahead;
And then, as in the final stand,
We saw their faces through the smoke,
Upon each saber tilt the hand
Gripped tighter for the coming stroke.

Three minutes—and the charge was done;
Three minutes—and the fight was won;
Three minutes—and against the sky
We saw our gallant standard fly.

Three minutes—but within that space
Beyond the drifting years away,
I saw once more my mother's face
Smile down upon her child at play;
And, looking down through tender tears,
I heard, as twilight's shadow sped,
As sweet as dream songs of the years
Her whispered prayers above my bed.

Once more a child against her knee
I heard the fabled tales of youth;
Once more the mother's old, old plea
For honesty and faith and truth;
Once more, beyond the southern plains
That lay across Time's drifting haze,
I walked the well-remembered lanes
Through many, many Yesterdays.

I saw the pathway to the gate
Wind on dim fields that led away
To where of old one used to wait
At dusk in Love's remembered day—
And then—as one who from a dream
Speeds through the sweep of countless years,
I saw my dripping saber gleam
Where troopers spiked the captured guns.

The Auction Luncheon

"Then good-by till to-morrow, Ruth Allen!" called amply Mrs. Dennis, as she backed her slow way down Ruth's garden path to the front gate. She took such pains to make her voice sound cheerful that it sounded rather alarming instead. Mrs. Dennis was the village postmistress, and if she did trouble herself to learn every one's business, it was only in order to do every one a kind turn if she could. "I wish you'd thought twice before refusing to come over to our house to sleep. I hate to think of leaving you here by yourself with nothing, except sad memories for company."

"They are not all sad ones, Mrs. Dennis," said Ruth, bravely. Her black dress made her look very pale and slight, and she leaned against the door of the big Allen homestead, as if she needed its support. "I was very, very happy here while father and mother were alive." She stopped a moment to steady her voice, and then continued: "And this is my last night in the dear old place, for the people who bought it wish me to vacate it to-morrow."

"I know," said Mrs. Dennis, promptly. "And I call them brutes."

"For wanting their own property?" asked Ruth, laughing. She was so worn out with grief that the laugh sounded as sad as a sob.

"By the way," said Mrs. Dennis, "have you put up your lunch for the auction to-morrow?"

"O Mrs. Dennis," Ruth remonstrated, "I haven't the heart to attend picnics!"

"Picnics! fiddlesticks! The lunch is a business affair got up by the Ladies' Aid to pay off the church debt. Mark my words—the minister will be surprised if you refuse to take part."

"If that's the way of things, maybe I'd better go."

"Much better. That's a good

child. If you put up your lunch it will keep you from moping."

"Tell me what I am supposed to do," said Ruth, for she had not paid much attention to the announcement when it had been first given out.

"Why, you prepare a good lunch for two, box it, make it look as attractive as possible, slip your card into the box, then take it round to the Sunday school grove at about eleven o'clock to-morrow and give it to the committee. At twelve the

lunches will be auctioned off, and the boy who is the highest bidder for a lunch has to eat it with the girl whose name he finds inside. Lands, I've seen a young fellow pay as high as three dollars for the privilege!"

"How do the boys know whose lunch is being auctioned?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, they seem to guess," explained Mrs. Dennis, cheerfully and vaguely. "Good night again, child; I really must run along."

Upon the disappearance of this good-hearted neighbor, Ruth went slowly into the house and wandered through all the rooms, taking a last farewell of them. Her utmost bravery could not keep the tears from crowding to her eyes.

The sale of the place had left her not only homeless, but penniless, for all the proceeds had gone to pay her dead father's debts. She freely admitted the justice of the sale, but her tender heart persisted in clinging pathetically to the old belongings. Since babyhood she had been brought up to feel that the house was all hers; to be forced to give it up was hard.

The inspection was finally over. She had closed door after door, had kissed the desk at which her father used to write, had knelt by the bed by which her mother had been wont to pray. Then Ruth went into her own little room, intending further to think out her plans for the dreary future. She was to go to her aunt in Boston, and stay on sufferance with that unsympathetic lady while she sought for work. No wonder her home-loving, shy heart, was wrong.

Ruth reopened her trunk, and placed inside it a branch of sweet-brier she had brought from the garden. To think that the fragrant breath of it would never again steal to her through the dusk?

"I'm afraid, afraid! How am I to bear it?" she cried, and hiding her face in the tray of the homely old trunk, she burst into a passion of tears.

Very trivial and prosaic was the thing that brought her back to calmness; she remembered the luncheon.

"If somebody is to pay three dollars for it, it has got to be worth three dollars," was her conscientious thought. She sat up and dried her tears, reflecting on the bareness of her cupboards. She had cleared them thrifflily and purposely for her departure. Only a small uncooked chicken and a few other things were left.

"Night or no night, I see I have to cook," Ruth observed to herself.

She set about it at once, and as she moved quickly round the spotless kitchen—very cheery with its two bright lamps and its glowing range—she soon found content in being busy. So anxious was she that the prospective buyer—whoever he might be—should get his money's worth, that she took unusual pains with everything she did. The chicken looked so small in the commodious oven that Ruth prepared some company for it; she baked a little cake, some biscuits, and some cup custard. The fairy who watches over a baking, and sometimes turns crotchety and spoils everything, was this time in her smiling mood; the dainties came out of that oven not only all appetizingly odorless, but all in the right bewitching hues.

"I'll keep it a symphony in brown and cream color," decided Ruth, gazing at the feast with an artistic and appreciative eye, when she had set it out on the kitchen table to cool. So she iced her yellow cake with chocolate, to match the brown and yellow chicken; and she put chopped figs within the buttered halves of her biscuits.

When she went to sleep she dreamed that young Gerald Connor, the post-office assistant, had paid the modest sum of seven thousand

dollars for it, and that he had considered the sum cheap for the pleasant company it purchased for him!

In the morning, remembering this dream as she was packing the box, Ruth both smiled and blushed. Would Gerald Connor bid for it? That merry and handsome lad was a great favorite in the village, and to have him buy any girl's box at the auction would be considered by her as a most exciting compliment.

"Make it as attractive as possible," Mrs. Dennis had said. So Ruth hunted for a big white cardboard box, and proceeded to pack the dainties in it. She wrapped each thing up in waxed paper, and tied it to a little bunch of brown and yellow nasturtiums. She put in two damask napkins, and for the sake of the cup custards, two silver spoons. Except for those spoons, nothing would have happened that day.

"Attractive" was a mean and shabby word for that gorgeous box of luncheon! Never one who cared for the outside look of things, but wished them serviceable and appropriate, Ruth wrapped her box in stiff brown paper, and tied it with stout cord.

Then she dressed herself in her somber little street gown, and took the luncheon to the grove. She saw that the chairman of the committee looked at it without approval when he took charge of it, and although she did not know why at the time, she understood fully later on.

The grove was well filled with gay boys and girls, and Ruth noticed at once that her own frock was out of place among the dresses of the other girls, all of whom were in gay attire. She admired the effect, but could not approve the choice, for the grove was on the edge of the public road. Then Ruth noticed a subtle little something else: the little people, although kind to her, were now mentally regarding her as an alien. They had sincerely deplored her coming departure, but now had already adjusted themselves to the idea of getting along without her; and seeing no substantial reasons for including her in conversations regarding festivities of the future, in which she would have no part, they somewhat shut her out.

Ruth felt the change keenly. Once she had held position and place in the village, had even been counted as one of the "rich" ones, and had always been the center of her little world. Now that center was pretty Crissy Dennis. Gerald Connor was not the only boy who considered rosy-cheeked Crissy as the belle of the grove.

At twelve o'clock the crowd was augmented by many young men and women just let loose from store or office. And the auctioning immediately took place.

The chairman jumped to the top of a big table, and had the lunch-boxes piled round him.

Ruth hardly heard a word of what was going on, so filled with chagrin was she for the plainness of her box. The others were marvels of beauty, and had evidently cost as much money as time, for they were all decorated with tinsel, and satin ribbons, and tissue paper flowers, and they looked like fairy jewel caskets. Ruth's lay among them as plain and homely as a giant brick.

The auctioneer tried to get the unattractive thing off his hands at once. He picked it up, held it aloft, as if staggering under its weight, and began to coax for bids.

"How much am I offered for this, gentlemen? Don't be misled by a plain exterior. Think of the good things within! You should feel the weight of this prize, gentlemen. Come! How much am I bid? Don't keep me waiting. I'm not strong enough to hold it up long. This is a chance of your hungry lives! Speak up!"

All the lads laughed good-naturedly, but none of them bid.

"Oh, well, the best for the last, I suppose," said the subtle auctioneer, putting it down and taking up another. This other was in the likeness of a basket of pink roses; streamers of pink satin ribbon hung down from the sides, and the high handle was topped with a bow the mate of which nestled on Crissy's curly head. "Now gentlemen,

what am I offered for this dream of dawn, for this—"

But his poetic eloquence was cut short by a sudden shower of bids:

"A dollar!"

"And a half!"

"Two dollars! This from Gerald Connor."

Crissy's color rose and her eyes danced.

"And a half!"

"Three dollars!"

"And a half!"

"Five dollars!" said Gerald decisively.

No one raised that bid. The basket was handed to Gerald, and after a masterly pretense of having to look inside for the name of the maiden with whom he was to luncheon, Gerald bowed to Crissy, and led her triumphantly to one of the many little tables that dotted the grove.

Next, a blue forget-me-not chest of goodies appeared in the auctioneer's hand. Another conscious girl laughed and blushed, and another burst of eager bidding began. Then another victor—or victim—lead another happy partner away.

The bidding went on, with prices ranging from two to four dollars, until the grove was a twitter with merry luncheon couples; and the auctioneer's table had lost all its freight except Ruth's luckless brown-papered box.

The sight of the poor, neglected article began to make her faintly ill. It had been tried once or twice again in the course of the sales, but no one appeared to care for it. Mrs. Dennis's advice to "make it look as attractive as possible" had evidently applied more to the outside than to the inside—so Ruth was beginning to realize. Now she was the only girl left unaccompanied; and she was feeling conspicuous enough to want to drop through the earth, when an approaching automobile attracted her attention by slowing down to a stop in front of the grove.

Its one occupant, a stout, pleasant-faced man, looked smilingly and enviously at the lunching crowd, and at the chairman, who was still standing on the table.

"Can I buy something to eat?" the man called.

"Chance of your life!" shouted the auctioneer, holding up his unsalable package. "What will you give for this choice opportunity for food?"

"Fifty cents!" The purchaser reached into his pocket for the coin.

"Yours!"

Jumping out of his car, the buyer ran to the table, threw down the coin, grabbed the box, and started back to his automobile with the evident intention of riding away and eating at his leisure.

Ruth remembered her silver spoons.

"Oh, please stay here!" she cried, impulsively.

"What?" Wouldst shirk the glorious duty of all?" cried the gallant auctioneer.

"What's the row?" asked the stranger, amiably, looking from one to the other.

The auctioneer leaped down from his improvised platform, and explained the nature of the fete; he ended by stripping the cover from Ruth's box and disclosing her card.

"And this is the young lady right here," he said, by way of introduction.

The stranger bowed to Ruth.

"Will you really do me the honor to share the lunch with me?" he said.

Seeing no other way to regain her napkins and spoons, Ruth shyly consented; and the two were soon seated at one of the little tables.

"This is not a lunch: this is a feast," said the man, as Ruth spread it out. First appreciatively tucking one of the nasturtiums into his buttonhole, he attacked the chicken and sandwiches, and began obviously to enjoy himself.

His manners were perfect, for all his informality. Many interested glances shot toward him, until Ruth felt herself becoming as conspicuous by her prominence as she had been before by her loneliness. But she admitted to herself that it was extraordinarily pleasant.

"This is the best cooking I have tasted for years," he declared, when he reached the custard and

cake. "Who do you suppose did it?"

"I did," said Ruth. He had been so kind that she had lost all her shyness now. Her smile made her face very pretty.

"You? Then I consider you a wonderful young person; and I heartily hope my daughter will turn out as capable."

He drew from his pocket the picture of a six-year-old child and showed it to Ruth.

"What a darling little girl!" Ruth exclaimed.

"That just what she is," agreed the father, smiling wistfully at the picture. Then his face clouded.

"She had lost her mother," he said.

"Oh, I am sorry!" stammered Ruth. "I pity you—and your little daughter. I know what it will be for her, because I—"

She looked down at her black dress, and the man understood. He reached out and laid his hand consolingly upon hers.

"I was afraid so," he said.

His sympathy was so sincere that presently Ruth found herself telling him the whole story of her bereavement, her losses, and her uncertain future.

"And what is the nature of the work you will try to find?" the man asked, when Ruth had finished her story.

"I should like to teach. I love children so."

"Do you know why I am here to-day?"

"Why no?"

"Of course not. I'll tell you. I want to find a gentle, competent young girl to be friend and guardian to my little daughter, whom I am bringing into the country because she is so frail and small. I have a nurse for her, a cook, and a maid. Yet she still lacks the most important thing of all. You could give it. Will you try? These three women that I employ are faithful, but they need a head. Your position in my house would not be a hard one, but a very important one. And the salary is good. Now how about this thing? Yes or no?"

Conquering as imprudent an eager wish to answer "Yes," at once, Ruth faltered:

"But I don't know where you live. I don't even know your name."

"Why, I'm going to live here," answered the man, genially. "And this is my name."

He placed his card in Ruth's hand, and she read "James Eastlake," the name of the buyer of her house.

"Why, I am Ruth Allen," she said, startled.

It was his turn to be surprised. His face lighted up delightfully.

"Why, that just settles it!" he declared. "You don't move out at all, you see. You stay where you certainly seem to belong, my dear girl. I'll send my servants right down to you for you to supervise, if you'll be so kind. And my baby and I will follow in a day or two. You will be there to welcome us. It will be like coming home. Say that this thing is settled."

Ruth dropped her head to the table and broke suddenly into tears.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed the man, patting her shoulder. "Tell me how I have hurt your feelings."

"You haven't!" sobbed Ruth, comfortably. "You've healed them. I'll try my hardest to be what you want."

Southern Dioceses.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary.
W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:00 P.M.
Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Church of the Good Shepherd, 6th and I St., N. E., Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.
Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.
Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 9:30 A.M. Miss Robina Tillinghast, Parish Visitor. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-reader.
New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gaiette Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracy, Lay-reader. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon special occasions and is appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

IRONCLADS IN COREA IN 1600 HERMIT KINGDOM USED THEM 250 YEARS BEFORE THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

George Kennan, explorer and lecturer, recently communicated to the National Geographic Society at Washington the information that Corea built steel-clad battleships 250 years before the Monitor and Merrimac, says the *Kansas City Star*. The Hermit Kingdom was using movable type and astronomical instruments from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, and employing explosive bombs long before they were known in Europe. He points out that the famous Japanese Satsuma pottery was made originally by Corean workmen who were imported into the Mikado's Kingdom.

These facts are cited by Mr. Kennan to show the terrific downfall experienced by Korea. He traces its course from its pinnacle of civilization to the depths of degeneracy now experienced by Korea. He traces its course under the guidance of Japan.

"While Corea was sinking Japan was rising, until the Island Kingdom, all by its own efforts, became such a world power as to defeat a great European nation," he says. "The Coreans were a mainland people. They had taught the medieval Japs all the civilization they had. But by reason of their geographical location they were invaded by vastly inferior peoples, the Mongols and the Manchus. Corea was influenced to establish a demonology as its religion, its blood was weakened by being crossed with that of people vastly beneath it, and its spirit was broken by the indignities heaped upon it by the more powerful invaders. It was under the influence of China, which adopted the semi-sacred books of Confucius as its national system of education 2,000 years ago. The knowledge of the works and the ability to recite long chapters of his writings were made the chief requirement of the aspirant for honors. As a result the study of the sciences, mathematics, and the phenomena of nature was dropped; the memory was overcultivated and the reasoning power stultified. The habits of the Coreans became uncleanly; they grew indifferent to dirt and smells."

"Japan, on the other hand, was never invaded in its history; its blood was never intermingled and its stock was allowed to remain pure. Its national character was developed without outside influence. The Shinto religion of the Empire has as its cardinal principles purity of body, spirit, and environment. Japan was not exposed to the scourges and plagues that Corea's dirt and filth brought upon it. The feudal system sprang up in Japan, causing authority to be respected and discipline to be developed."

"In 1910 Japan annexed Korea. Prior to that time as many deaths as 900 a day had occurred in Seoul alone; shortly afterward not as many people died from the plague in the whole kingdom in one year. Japan forcibly vaccinated 5,000,000 people in one year. Courts were established, giving authority to 13,000 gendarmes. Hundreds of miles of roads are being built. Afforestation on an extensive scale is being carried on. To encourage the silkworm industry 13,000,000 mulberry tree seedlings were set out in one year. State and private banks were established. The postal savings system was installed and one in every six families has a savings account."

"The people, at first suspicious, have learned that they will get their money back whenever they ask for it. In the first year after the Japanese occupancy the rice crop was doubled and the wheat and the barley crops grew from 14,000,000 to 36,000,000 bushels. The Japanese have built a model village in every province, and are encouraging the people to build similar villages throughout the kingdom."

Mr. Kennan points out that Corea has the same geographical advantages as a great part of the eastern part of the United States. "It is just as well fitted to be the home of healthy, prosperous, and happy people," he says. "It is located similarly to the territory bordering on

the Atlantic coast, from Portland, Me., to Charleston, S. C., and extending inward to Albany, N. Y.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Lynchburg, Va., and Columbia, S. C.

A Norwegian town in Canada

Camrose, Alberta, is par excellence the Norwegian metropolis of Canada. Its first name was Bakken, named after a Norwegian who first owned land upon which the town built. Mr. Bakken came to Canada from the United States to get a farm. He looked around for a long time, because an old fortune-teller had once told him that he would get a quartersection of land where a river cut off one of the corners, and where he would find plenty of coal and wood, and that on this quarter a town would be located. After having looked around for a long time, Bakken came out from Wetaskiwin and found a quarter which in every respect covered the fortune-teller's description. He settled down here, and while his friends laughed at him, he stayed by it, as the only settler in that vicinity. When the Canadian Pacific Railway was built the station was located on his land, and when the town was surveyed he became a very rich man. He is now dead.

To-day Camrose is the centre for the three railways, and has managed to retain its Norwegian stamp. Looking over the map of Camrose, one will find that the streets have Norwegian names, such as Christiania avenue, Bjovorsen street, Ibsen street, Bakken street, Paulsen street, Dahl street, Thomsen street, Christine street, and of subdivisions there are many with Norwegian names, such as Bakken Addition, Dahl Addition, Gula Addition, etc. This is not the only evidence of the Norwegian influence. In looking over the voters' list for last year's election, it is found that of the 378 votes cast in the town of Camrose, 223 were Norwegian, and taking all of the Camrose district, it is found that out of 1,400 voters, 973 are Norwegians. When the United Lutheran Churches determined to build a college for the education of young Norwegian boys and girls, Camrose was selected as the site, and it now has the only Norwegian college in the entire British Empire. Camrose is the centre for the skiing devotees in the Canadian west and is also the headquarters for the prairie competitions.

"Home to Norway Association," is working with a view to securing the largest possible number of tourists for the centennial celebration in Norway this year.

Last winter there were 2,400 gathered at the ski sports in Camrose, and about 4,000 in Edmonton, and the interest in the sport is ever increasing. The absence of great hills in our country makes its necessary to build timber scaffolds for ski runners to get a start, but these scaffolds serve the purpose as well as the steep hills in Norway. The demand for skis is so great that it has been necessary to establish a ski factory at Camrose, and there is also a school where Canadians and others are taught the sport.

It is probable that no other town in Canada has so marked a national spirit as has the little town of Camrose.

Afraid of Brigands.

Afghan traders who come down in the cold weather to trade in India, are this year settling for the hot weather in Derajat and Peshawar. They say that they would rather have the stern rule of Abdur Rahman than the wild rule of his successor, for that brigandage is now rife, and there is also prospect of another revolt in Khost and Kandahar. All that the Amir has to depend upon is the loyalty of the Durani Clan, and some of the chief nobles are dissatisfied, because in response to popular clamor important official posts are given to people of good family. Some of the traders say that the road between Jellalabad and Kabul is held by Shinwari robbers, who levy a blackmail even upon officials.

There are 270 active volcanoes in the world.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1914.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Ft. Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M. New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man: Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-merciful sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

PROBABLY the weak point about the sign language as used by the deaf, is the wrong conception of it by the general public.

Too many of the parents and friends of deaf children, form and cling to the impression that the aim of a school that permits the sign language is to develop the ability of the deaf children to use it. They do not know that deaf children take naturally to gestures, just as hearing children take naturally to speech.

No one shall blame a mother for desiring, above all things else, that her child shall be trained to enunciate written or printed words. No one can convince a loving parent that a few words spoken by her deaf child is not a real demonstration of educational progress. Sometimes it is and sometimes it is not. As one of the street car advertisements says: "You can teach a parrot to say 'Just as good,' but the parrot won't know what it means."

Real education is in development of all the mental faculties to the fullest extent. Speech, in itself, is merely a physical operation. Almost any school boy can open a book printed in Latin and read orally a paragraph, correct as to pronunciation, yet not understand a single word of it. This does not prove that he is a Latin scholar. The truth is that mental comprehension of things, and a proper understanding of the import of words and their grammatical connections, must precede verbal expression in order to give that expression any value.

The up-to-date schools for the deaf are straining every effort to give every pupil the ability to use spoken words and to read from the lips of others words that are addressed to them. In a certain percentage of cases success is attained and general education is not hindered. But there is also a certain number that fail, partially or utterly, to make proper educational progress by this difficult single method. Other methods should be applied in order not to sacrifice the welfare of the child. That is why the Combined System has so many strong advocates. Practically all of the educated deaf support it, insist on it, pray for it, eulogize it.

The pure-oralists say that the sign language is a deterrent to success in oral accomplishment. They do not seem to know that the reading of lip-motions is just the same as the reading of finger or arm motions. All are simply signs, without any tone or sound whatever.

The writer has had fully forty years of experience as a totally deaf man. Not a sound in all those years has broken the eternal stillness of his life. Yet he speaks so that people understand him, and reads the lips with negative ability. He believes the sign language to be the greatest boon to the deaf—next to books and the "movies,"

the most lucid interpreter of thoughts and things that educate and give pleasing satisfaction to the silent wayfarer along the journey of life.

By all means let the deaf child have a chance to learn speech, but do not deprive him of the happy, the inspiring, the ennobling, influence of the language of signs.

The outing and picnic of St. Ann's P. E. Church for the Deaf occurred Saturday, July 25th, on the grounds of the New York Institution for the Deaf.—*Ephpheta*.

THE above is slightly misleading. The picnic given was not for religious purposes, but for charitable purposes. It was not given by St. Ann's Church, but by the Guild of Silent Workers, an organization of the deaf that has for more than twenty-five years given relief to the sick and needy deaf without regard to creed or religious leanings. It has helped both Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, in the past, and any profit from the recent picnic will be used to relieve future distress of the deserving poor, without even inquiring into their church affiliations or beliefs.

EXHIBITS FOR THE DEAF

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

The exhibits and demonstrations work in the department of Education and Social Economy at the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition will occupy more than six acres of floor space in two of the eleven main palaces, ten of which are now completed.

Unlike other world expositions, the displays of educational work at San Francisco will not have to do with mere samples of pupils' work, and collections of materials. On the contrary, visitors will learn how modern educational work in all lines is carried on by watching the actual process. From the training of the smallest children, which will be conducted in person by Madame Montessori, most famous of the exponents of the "new" education, through the primary work of the deaf, blind and vocational activities, actual class work with real pupils will be carried on from day to day. The educational exhibits will be confined to principles, mostly of recent origin, and to demonstrations. In conformity to this unique plan, the exhibits having to do with the instruction of the deaf will be confined chiefly to actual model-class-work and to factors that are new. No pupils' work will be placed on exhibition, unless in demonstration of some important development or improved method. Each school represented, from the various States and nations, will exhibit or demonstrate some speciality.

Pupils for the classes will be furnished by the Coast States and Utah. In the beautiful Palace of Education, now completed, several units of space, each 15 x 30 feet, have been reserved, one for classrooms for the blind and another for exhibits. The class-room will be on a raised platform two and one half feet high, surrounded by a railing one and one half feet high, from which will depend curtains to hide the feet. Several classes, each composed of from four to six pupils, will be conducted at the same time.

In order that visitors may observe the demonstrations from all sides there will be no walls, blackboards and other apparatus being placed on the platform to be seen to the best advantage. There will be at least three class-rooms for the deaf pupils. Among the subjects to be demonstrated are lip reading, the five-syllable method and story writing.

It is expected that the Providence, R. I. School for the Deaf will demonstrate the Montessori method as applied to the deaf. Madame Montessori herself, for four months will preside over the Exposition's model schools for small children, not deaf. New York will demonstrate military and musical training of the deaf. Hartford will show methods connected with the publication of textbooks, and other phases of the work will be shown by the schools in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Mississippi, California, and possibly other States.

The convention of the American Institute for the Deaf will meet at the Exposition, as one of the scores of the educational conferences and congresses which will be there from all over the world. Already 242 great International and other congresses and conventions have voted to hold their 1915 sessions at the Exposition, dealing largely with the pressing modern problems of human welfare and human service.

For the convenience of visiting pupils, teachers and supervisors of institutions for the deaf, during the exposition period from February to December, Superintendent Milliken,

of the California School for Deaf, at Berkeley, across the bay from the exposition, has loaned the use of one dormitory, supplying lodging and meals at the rate of \$1.00 a day.

CHICAGO.

About three hundred young people attended the picnic, given by the Silent Athletic Club, Saturday, July 25th.

The Watermann brothers have the sympathy of their friends in the recent death of their father, who was only fifty-nine years old. Isaac Weisbaum left for Peoria, Ill., for a two weeks' vacation, the guest of his sister.

Pas-a-Pas Club boys took their wives and friends to the spacious lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Weller, Sunday, July 26th. Being hot, it was just the day to sit under the old apple trees and enjoyed a quiet rest. The ladies brought lunch boxes, and Mrs. Weller treated all the thirty-two present to lemonade.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Schuyler Long, of Iowa, and their daughter, dropped in at Washington Park, August 1st, to renew old friendships, and left the same evening for Iowa. Some thirty deaf Chicagoans were there to give them all the once over. Those tennis courts are always the cynosure of the deaf Saturday afternoons. Take the south side elevated to 55th Street, walk to park, and find the mad, merry throng, at one of the courts just inside the park entrance.

Mr. Arthur Hinch is now a proud "pappy." Any warm evening he may be seen on the streets, pushing the horseless carriage in which reposes his chubby eight-weeks-old heir.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Meagher were called to Cincinnati to attend the funeral of the former's grandmother. While there they missed Mr. Cooper's lecture on the Trojan War.

The Pas-a-Pas Club threw open its doors, August 1st, to members and friends for the regular monthly social, ice cream and cake being gratis.

Miss Elizabeth DeLong was in Chicago eight days, the guest of hearing friends, who kept her so busy she had no chance to meet any of her deaf acquaintances. While in Washington, D. C., she and a friend viewed the ancient 15th century convict ship, now on exhibition there, dug up somewhere in Europe. Her friend examined every nook and cranny, and from one of the holes, an odd, old fashioned, age-rusted ring was fished out. It was given to Miss DeLong, who prizes it highly.

Mr. Daniel Tellier and wife, of Kalamazoo, passed through Chicago on their way to their old home in Iowa for a week's visit.

Mrs. McGann (nee Annie Nessel) was shopping in town the other day. Mr. McGann's father presented him a handsome house, with every modern convenience, on a five acre farm in Michigan. Miss Marks invited her neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Long, Miss McNiece and Miss Dunn, to meet her. Mrs. McGann left for home the next day, taking Miss Marks with her for a week's vacation.

Mrs. Lef is enjoying life at her Paw-Paw cottage, inviting one or two of her friends to keep her company for a week at a time. Quite a few of our esteemed fellow citizens have been there.

Don't forget the Frat Picnic at Harns Park, August 22d.

Mr. William Stafford was a visitor for a few days, en route to St. Louis.

Rev. and Mrs. Flick returned home from a two week's sojourn at Atlantic City. Our Reverend looks the picture of perfect health and gained five pounds, more or less. Judging from the way he rushed to court on the tennis court, he must be anxious to lose that superfluous tissue. Mrs. Flick looked much better after the operation performed on her back in Baltimore. She had been east about two months.

The father of James Fielding, one of the young leaders of the Silent Athletic Club, is Democratic candidate for sheriff, of Bloomington, Ill. By the way, the Silent A. C. now has seventy two members.

The Lutheran Church Picnic will be held at Kolze's Park, Dunning, August 29th. Admission, 25 cents. It was the pleasure of the writer to visit All Angels' Parish Hall for the first time. What a cozy place, and so convenient in every way! To Mrs. Hibbard, who is in her 70th year, Mr. Flick's flock owe a debt of great gratitude. Instead of giving much of her time to hearing charities, she has picked out Mr. Flick's flock to be her special care. She began with the deceased Rev. Mann and has kept up this work ever since. She took an interest in the deaf when her husband became hard of hearing. He founded the largest hardware store in Chicago and second in the U. S. The Parish Hall consists of a stage, library and chess room, sewing room, kitchen, cook room, billiard room, and a large assembly hall. The kitchen has everything convenient, while the sewing room is so cozy and homelike, that the ladies are always eager to sew there to aid the needy. May Mrs. Hibbard live to enjoy many more years, and may every

church of the deaf ultimately have a Mrs. Hibbard.

At eight o'clock, on August 15th, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Meagher, of Vancouver, Wash., have charge of an entertainment at the Parish Hall for the benefit of the Home Fund. Admission, ten cents. A diversified and entertaining program will be given, including a lecture on "The Pendleton Round-up," a ten-minute drama, "The War Plans," etc., Take Indiana Avenue cars to 3629 Indiana Avenue.

The one big event of the season! Hark ye, hear ye, out-of-town deaf! The Annual Labor Day Picnic, at Atlas Park, for the benefit of the Illinois Home Fund. Make your plans accordingly.

DAPHNE.

"Deaf" Boy Recovers Hearing.

"I am deaf and dumb; please give me five cents. My name is Millie Madsen."

"Millie Madsen, eh?" said Detective Lieutenant W. B. Cahoon, looking at the card which bore the inscription. "Well, Millie, we'll see that you get a place to sleep to-night, anyway."

He walked around back of the colored boy, who stood in the detective's office, and said suddenly, "Give me that money in your pocket." The "deaf" negro promptly reached for it without turning his head and there was a general laugh.

Madsen is in trouble mostly because he used the name of another quite well-to-do colored man on his card, and the involuntary reference made a complaint when he heard about it. According to officials of the Associated Charities, the boy has also called on them recently, but the police say he is neither deaf nor dumb, only lazy, and they turned him over to Probation Officer J. C. Lanier.—*Florida Metropolis*, July 21th.

Coming Wedding

The coming fall wedding of interest to many in St. Louis, New York, Chicago, and Ohio, is that of Mrs. Ida (Grossberg) Klegman, of St. Louis, to Mr. Maxwell Blascheger, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The marriage will take place at the home of the bride-elect's parents in November. Mrs. Klegman is a vivacious young woman with a charming personality and has the best wishes of her numerous friends. After an extended honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Blascheger will make their home in Cincinnati, where the groom-elect has a responsible position.

Rev. B. R. Attabough's Appointments

(11825 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio)

MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceases: Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh. Mr. F. A. Leitner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7 P. M. every Sunday. Services 7:45 P. M. every Sunday.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice. Beaver Falls, New Brighton, Rochester and Beaver by turns.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, corner Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, O. Mr. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services, 10:30 A. M. every Sunday.

AUGUST.

1-20—Vacation at Mr. E. P. Cleary's fruit farm near Old Mission, Mich. (R. F. P. No. 1.)

21—Traverse City, Mich. (Grace Church), 7:45 P. M.

22—Grand Rapids, 7:45 P. M. (Holy Communion). Baptism at 9:30 P. M.

23—Grand Rapids, 10 A. M. (Social with communion). Baptism at 9:30 P. M.

27-29—Pittsburgh (P. S. A. D. Convention). 30—Pittsburgh, 10:45 A. M. (Holy Communion) and 7:45 P. M.

Greenburg, 7:45 P. M.

31—Beaver Falls, 7:45 P. M.

LAY READERS.

16—Jackson, Mich., by Mr. R. B. Waters.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 8525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P. M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A. M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A. M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P. M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P. M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P. M.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAEL, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls.

Address all mail to: Box 90, Fort Smith, Ark.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday morning, until further notice, at 10:30 o'clock.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1338 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Third Annual Ice-Cream Social, under the auspices of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., will be held in All Souls' Parish House, next Saturday evening, August 15th. The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., will meet at the same place one week later, August 22d, not on the 15th, as announced last week.

Report says that twenty-seven deaf of this place attended the picnic near Allentown, on Saturday, August 8th.

Miss Mary A. Reilly, of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting a brother in this city during the month of August.

Miss Gertrude Parker left the city to-day (Monday) to spend the remainder of August at her parents' home in Leipsic, Delaware.

We have since learned that Mr. Otto Herold, whom we wrote about in our last letter, is visiting relatives in Germany. So he may not be in such a plight as we had feared. His chief trouble may be to return to America.

Mrs. Louisa Slifer's sister, Mrs. Holmes, and a brother of Mrs. E. H. Rigg and Joseph Mayer, Jr., are also visiting relatives in Germany this summer. Their relatives here feel very anxious about them.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Heath, of New York, are visiting the latter's parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breen. They have three little children to brighten their home and to cheer the grandparents.

During the family's absence a sneak thief gained entrance into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cooper and took away clothing and other valuables, including \$15 in cash. The police are trying to make the acquaintance of this clever person and will guarantee him free board for a year or so.

Mrs. Charles Partington accompanied her son, Harold, to Hartford, Ct., on August 4th, for an indefinite stay.

Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., held its last business meeting at No. 1617 North Broad Street, on Friday evening, August 7th. On and after September 4th, the Division will meet in Friendship Hall on Columbia Avenue, above Sixteenth Street. The change of place is made necessary by the steady growth of the membership, and the crowding of the meeting room, which has become very uncomfortable. After the above meeting the members marched in a body to the new meeting place to inspect it, and every one seemed pleased with the selection. The room or hall is square in shape, more than twice as large as the Broad Street one, handsomely furnished, well lighted and ventilated, and, in short, looks like an ideal lodge room.

Master Houston Shaw, the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, of Frankford, received a shower of souvenir cards on the first anniversary of his birth, August 4th, 1914. There were over forty cards. Friends of the family from near and far, including a number of deaf, joined in this pleasing card shower. Among them were Dr. E. A. Houston, of New York, a devoted uncle; and James B. George, of Portland, Ore. Both the parents and grandparents are more than pleased by the little incident and thank all who joined in it.

Mrs. M. L. Haight surprised her Philadelphia friends by turning up here unexpectedly on Saturday. She is stopping with Mrs. Syle for a few days only.

James L. Patterson mourns the loss of an uncle, Andrew Patterson, who was buried last Friday. He was 78 years old.

Mrs. Howard Scribner and child are spending two weeks at Wildwood, N. J.

Miss Edna Snell gave a watermelon party, at her home in Darby, on Saturday evening, August 8th. An enjoyable evening was passed. Those who enjoyed the luscious melon with Miss Snell were the Misses Mary Price, Lena Goldberg, Ida Nicholson, and Edna Purvis, and Messrs. Harry Coulston, Albert Wolf, George King, and Samuel Thomas.

Miss Laura Muller spent her vacation visiting her friend, Mrs. Hartsough, of Lancaster, Pa., for a few days, and then Wilmington, Del., and Brandywine Springs Park. She reports a delightful time at each place.

Mrs. Helen R. Wilson is spending the month of August at Atlantic City with her folks.

Misses Dorothy and Margaret Sanders are attending Camp Laramie, one of Dr. S. G. Davidson's camps in the White Mountains, this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke L. Moore spent two weeks in the early part of July at Newark, N. J., and the Catskill Mts. in New York.

Mrs. John R. Lynch and her daughter, Myrtle, of Viola, Delaware, spent two weeks in Germantown as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Holmes. They also spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Wilson here. From here they

went to Chester and Wilmington to visit other friends before returning home.

Summer is more than half over, and the P. S. A. D. Convention at Pittsburgh is less than three weeks off. The railroads do not give reduced rates any more, so the fare from Philadelphia, one way, is \$8.25, or \$16.50 for both ways. A good bit may be saved by using a mileage book.

Friday, August 21st, is the date of the Cleric Literary Association's excursion to Brandywine Springs Park. Don't forget it.

Brooklyn Guild Outing.

The Sixth Annual Outing of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes will be held at Sheephead Bay Park (Coney Island Jockey Club), on Ocean Avenue, near Jerome Avenue, on August 22d, 1914.

The Committee will be glad to entertain all the deaf who will attend the Outing.

There will be games for good prizes, and the admission will be only fifteen cents.

To reach the Park take Flatbush Avenue trolley from Park Row and ask the conductor for a transfer to Ocean Avenue trolley via Sheepshead Bay.

Another way is to take Brighton Beach train from Park Row and get off at Sheepshead Bay and walk seven blocks East to the Park.

Bring your lunch with you.

THE COMMITTEE.

All Stars Deaf-Mutes News.

Julius Kanamovitz, the great twirler of the All Stars Deaf-Mutes, performed a notable feat while pitching against the Crosswood Club at Crosswood Oval in Jamaica, L. I., last Sunday. The big hurler struck out ten men in a regulation nine innings, which the All Stars won by the score of 7 to 3. Seigel, the star catcher, failed to hold two of Kanamovitz's strikes on two batters and had to throw two men out at first. Lieberz, Moser and Garrison's big yellow bats played prominent parts in the victory.

Influenced to Win.

It was toward the end of August, and our team of the Boynton Athletic Club had done splendid work at winning baseball games, placing us in an excellent position to be one of the teams to play for the championship at the end of the season, but the Harkerville Club had just as good a record, and we must beat it or be thrown out of the line of competition.

We knew what everybody knew—that under ordinary circumstances we could win from the Harkerville Club. But our twirler, Jim Grigsby, though the best in our part of the country, was unreliable. There were times when he would make tosses which only a marvelous batsman could hit, while at other times his pitching was decidedly poor.

Bob Twining, our captain, made a study of Grigsby to find out why he could not twirl as well at one time as another and discovered that he needed a stimulus. He also discovered that the excitement of the game could not be relied upon to make Grigsby do first class work. This puzzled the captain.

Twining must hit on some expedient at once. His sister, Jaqueline, was one of those girls who seem to be able to draw men as a magnet will draw metal, and Twining told her that he wished her to concentrate her flirting for the couple of weeks that remained before the deciding game on Grigsby.

Jack—as she was commonly called—was at the time receiving the attentions of one George Eliot, whom Twining seriously objected to. Jack worshipped her brother and would not marry without his approval. She proposed to do what she could to influence Grigsby to win the coming game, provided Twining would concur in her choice and back her with their parents, who were of the same opinion as the brother. Twining finally reluctantly agreed to her proposition, provided the game was won, and she took Grigsby in training.

"Jack," said Twining a week after this agreement. "Let up on Grigsby. You are absorbing so much of his time that I can't get him out for practice."

"I thought you relied on me to make him win."

"So I do."

"Very well. Never mind his losing practice. He's had practice enough. He needs a motive. If the team needs a pitcher for practice, get some one in his place. Let Mr. Grigsby alone till the game comes off."

Twining grumbled, but thought it best not to interfere with his sister's plans. He did not and could not know what means she was taking to make Grigsby win the game. He only knew that she would if she could and did no more scolding when the twirler cut practice to go galavanting with Jack.

Of course, Bob and his sister were the only two in the secret, which was of too delicate a nature to be spread broadcast, and the captain was at his wits' end to keep

his team up to its work without its pitcher, especially since his absence from practice was a discouraging feature. By the time the game came off Twining was tired out with the situation, having forced his team to keep in condition, despite its discouragement.

Jack would give her brother no information as to what was passing between her and Grigsby. Twining asked her if she wished a seat on the stand where the pitcher could see her plainly, and she said she wished for two seats, not conspicuous. He didn't understand this, but gave her a place a few rows back from the front.

The weather was favorable, and, since there was a good deal of interest in the game, a large audience was in attendance. No one except those mentioned knew anything about the bargain that had been made. Twining had supposed that Jack wished the extra seat for a girl friend, and when he saw Eliot sitting beside her he wondered. But Jack knew the game she was playing and her brother did not.

There was the usual cheering when the teams went on to the field, and the rooting for each team was well and incessantly kept up by the leaders. Grigsby looked about for Jack, and when he saw her sitting by Eliot he knelt his brows. What was going on in his mind was unknown to any one but himself—and possibly Jack. Twining was watching him and believed that whatever it was it would be a big hit or a big miss.

It turned out to be a big hit. Grigsby covered himself with glory. His curves were marvelous. From the start our fellows led, and at the end of the game, when we had beaten our opponents badly, we carried Grigsby off the field on our shoulders. Then the field that had been so lively was deserted.

When Bob Twining and his sister were alone at home, he took her in his arm, kissed her and told her that she might marry Eliot with his full consent and that he would throw all his influence with the old folks for the same cause.

"But how did you manage it with Grigsby?" he asked.

"I promised to marry him, if he won the game."

"You can never tell," her brother remarked, "where a girl is going to land till she has landed."

Banking Under Difficulties.

Many years ago gold was discovered at Hokitika, on the west coast of New Zealand. There was a rush to the small Maori village, and within a few weeks seventy vessels, of all rigs and tonnage, were waiting to get over the dangerous harbor bar. The author of "Antipodean Notes" describes the first bank established in the little town.

With the vessels came two agents of a local bank. Their bank furniture consisted of a safe, a pair of scales, a tent, and a couple of revolvers. The two agents set up their tent, put the safe in the back part, and a plank, laid across two tree stumps, in front.

The bank "staff" sat down behind the plank; before one man were the scales, a bottle of acid, and a note book; the other held a cocked revolver.

The digger brought his gold to the plank "counter," where it was weighed and tested. When the value was determined, the testing clerk unlocked the safe, placed the gold in it, brought out a bundle of dirty bank-notes, and handed them to the digger.

During this transaction, the clerk with the revolver looked carefully about to see if any suspicious persons were lurking near.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

PARISH OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON, SUMMER, 1914.

During July services at the Home in Everett at 10:30 A. M. The fourth Sunday Holy Communion.

During August services discontinued during alterations at the Parish House, which is closed.

September 6th, service at Portsmouth, N. H., of which further notice will be given.

September 13th, service at New Bedford, of which further notice will be given.

G. H. HEPLIN, Minister.

E. W. FRISBEE, Lay-Reader.

A. S.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

An unpretentious but exceedingly enjoyable picnic was given by the Guild of St. Matthew's Mission to the Lutheran Deaf, at Clinton Park, Maspeth, Long Island, on Saturday, August 8th.

The committee in charge were Miss Prime, Miss Ruge, Miss Schnakenberg, Mrs. Bentley, and Messrs. Kadighen and Adolph Berg. About seventy-five of the deaf of New York and Brooklyn were present, and Pastor Boll had a pleasant greeting for every one of them.

A game of baseball between teams representing New York and Brooklyn, respectively, was won by New York.

With Messrs. Bowers, Nuboor and Heyman officiating as judges, and Adolph Berg as starter, the following contests for prizes took place:—

FOR LADIES

Potato Race—Won by Miss H. Berg.

Backward Race—Won by Mrs. John Heil.

Ball Throwing—Won by Miss Ida Ruge.

Miss Ruge also won the hopping race.

FOR MEN

One Hundred Yards Dash—Won by J. Bredeu.

Hopping Race—Won by G. Walther.

One Mile Run—Won by Benjamin Goldstein.

Potato Race (with spoon)—Won by Master Lindenschmidt.

Backward Run (with potato race)—Won by J. Bredeu.

A large American flag was to be given to the society having the most members present, but to which society it was awarded the writer does not know. The League of Elect Surds had six members present, and in proportion to their membership roll had the highest percentage.

A refreshment booth had a bevy of fair damsels, selling sandwiches, ice-cream and other edibles. Miss Kate Christgau was cashier, and the salesladies were Mrs. Bentley and Misses Ida Ruge and Annie and Carrie Lindenschmidt.

Miss Bella Schnakenberg had charge of the booth wherein were displayed a fine array of prizes.

Altogether the picnic was an orderly, entertaining and pleasant one. The attendance might have been larger had the place been more easy to reach.

Gentle Readers, are you aware that the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association will hold their Third Annual Picnic and Games at Ulmer Park, this Saturday, August 15th. As in years previous, we have made our affairs a creditable one in every respect—prizes, etc., and you can rest assured you have never seen or been to a picnic that will surpass this one. Records will be shattered, providing Jupiter Pluvius will be kind as to give King Sol the honor of the Day.

To begin with the programme, viz:—Hudson Guild, that has a reputation of being one of the best amateur baseball teams in New York, and has a score of cups to their credit, will cross bats with the All Stars, who are composed of Fanwood players. Either Nimmo or Dennon will be on the slab, while Gleason will twirl for Hudson Guild. Gleason has yet to be beaten. The prize is a loving cup, while a side bet will also go in.

Track events are the best ever, and everybody has a chance to win a medal, as all the Clark Boys will not partake in any of the events, with one exception, the 12 lb. shot put, open to all competitors. Prizes are medals that go to the winners in track events, which are:—220 yard dash, three-quarter mile run, and two and one-half mile run. Medals that go with these prizes have a new design and are new in every respect, shape, size, etc. All those who compete in the 2½ mile run will receive handicaps and Mr. Wiemuth will be scratch man.

Wien new event has been added to our programme—12 lb. shot put. All are invited to try, and the one putting the shot farthest after three attempts, will receive a medal, as will second and third. These medals are entirely different from those of track events.

Since there are several clubs, we have arranged for a tug-of-war, and the team winning will be awarded a Silk Banner with embroidered gold thread letters and fringes. Come on you Union League, League of Elect Surds, Brooklyn Frats, Alphabets, Xaviers, St. Ann's, and everybody who cares.

Prizes for girls and tots will be very fine.

Mr. Arnold A. Cohn was the guest, for a day, of Mr. Monae M. Lesser, some time ago, on the farm where Mr. Lesser works, at Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Mr. Cohn was laden with fruits and vegetables, fresh

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

August 8, 1914.—From the *Twin Valley Echo* we clip the following: By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, the latter Hallie Holland was one of Ohio's beauties in her school days here, are both graduates of the Ohio school. Mr. Snyder is a printer by trade and has for many years held positions in Eaton papers as well as in his home town West Alexandria.

"Mr. and Mrs. N. I. Snyder announced the engagement of their only daughter, Miss Carolyn, to Mr. W. Homer Frame, of Richmond, Ind. The wedding will take place early in September.

"Miss Snyder is one of the popular young ladies of West Alexandria, a graduate of the W. A. H. S. of 1912, accomplished in many ways and popular among her many friends. Mr. Frame is a graduate of the Richmond high school, and a printer by trade, having worked in the *Echo* office for some time and won a place in the friendship of many people of the town. At present, he holds a nice position with the U. B. Publishing House of Dayton.

"As Mr. Frame was an employee of the *Echo* office and Mr. Snyder, the father of the bride-to-be, is at present employed in the office, the *Echo* feels more than ordinary interest in the approaching wedding and extends hearty congratulations to the popular young couple, wishing them long years of wedded bliss."

Mrs. W. E. Chapman, matron of the Home, and her sister, Miss Cloa Lamson, have returned from a trip to the lake. They were at Rye Beach Park for a day, as guests of the Zells, recently.

Another guest was Mrs. Beckert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, of Sandusky.

Mr. Ernest Zell, while at Rye Beach Park, besides enjoying the breezes and fishing, has also been taking a course in Art under Mr. Campbell, director of Art in Columbus schools. He has just completed his course, and received much praise for his excellent designs and fine construction work.

Mr. Leo Frater is back home from several weeks' visit in eastern and northwestern Ohio. At the latter part he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Goll, in Williams County. They own a fine farm and have Wm. Werner, of Cincinnati, assisting them. While up there, Mr. Goll's father took Mr. Frater and some of the young folks to neighboring towns in his auto, and showed them the country up there. But best of all to the city-bred boy, was the farmer eats with plenty of spring chickens the product of the Goll's farm. The climate and farm life seem to agree with Mrs. Goll, for since making her home up there she has grown so robust that her Columbus friends will hardly recognize her when she comes down on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam M. Martin, the latter nee Miss Annie Rodman, of the Arkansas School for Deaf, have been in the city for a couple of weeks, as guests of Mr. R. H. Atwood. They have been calling on Mrs. Martin's friends, she having her home here a number of years previous to her marriage. Arkansas climate, despite its tendency to malaria, seems to agree with her. They go up to the Home for Deaf to-morrow, where Mr. Martin will give a religious talk to the residents. Next week they go down to near Logan, Hooking County, to visit Mrs. Martin's family and relatives.

Jacob Vogelbund, who works on the farm for Mr. William Hines, near Jeffersonville, O., is in this city for a couple of weeks, taking a vacation, as harvesting and threshing is through down there. He reports Mr. Hines having had a fine yield of wheat. Mr. Vogelbund is stopping with the Elshmans, on Franklin Avenue.

Mr. Thomas Goldsmith has been rather unfortunate this summer. Some time ago his eyesight was seriously affected, caused by lead poisoning, next was trouble with whooping cough. Last week Mrs. Goldsmith was taken to a hospital, where she underwent an operation, and at last accounts was still there, but improving. To cap the climax, Mr. Goldsmith was again stricken, this time with a rupture of the abdomen. His sister, who is a trained nurse, was called to his home to look after things while Mrs. Goldsmith and he are incapacitated.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Jones, former Superintendent and Matron of the Home, are guests of his brother of the school. They came down from their home in an auto. They visited the Home for the deaf one day this week, and those of the residents who knew them were overjoyed to meet them. Mr. and Mrs. Jones found many changes at the Home made since they left it, and were pleased to find all the people there happy and contented.

Mr. John Kraus was a visitor to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whitacre, who own a farm near Cygnet, Ohio, and

also spent several days on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Whitacre. He left the latter for Detroit, Mich., where he will endeavor to secure work with the Ford Automobile Company.

Leroy Mochler is running a lino-type in *The Democratic Expositor* of Wauseon, Ohio.

The Cleveland Association of the Deaf will give its 5th annual picnic at Luna Park, August 29th, and hopes to outdo all previous records in that line. Amusements of all kinds will be on the bill and prizes will be given to the winners of contests. Every one is cordially invited to enjoy the day at the Park and also to bring along well-filled baskets for the inner man's enjoyment. The deaf of nearby towns are included in the invitation, and it is hoped a large number will lend their presence.

Mr. and Mrs. Preto Munger are happy over the arrival of a little daughter in their home, born two weeks ago. Mrs. Munger's maiden name was Jessie Slabaugh.

A couple of weeks ago there was a heavy wind storm accompanied by lightning and thunder with some rain over at Grove City. Mr. McGregor at the time was taking his afternoon siesta. A sudden peel of thunder disturbed his slumber, and when he went out he discovered that the wind had torn off part of the kitchen roof, blown down a couple of trees in his yard and demolished some of the fencing about the premises.

Wm. Morehouse, who has been assisting in doing painting at the school since vacation began, has been relieved and has gone to Lima, Ohio, on a visit to his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Settlement.

The condition of Frank Hartard mentioned in last letter is to the effect that he will recover from his injuries.

A. B. G.

AN ACCIDENT.

Winfield Cherry, of Canandaigua, N. Y., figured in a collision with an auto near Cayuga, on July 26th.

Cherry escaped with a severe cut on his forehead close to right eye and two fractured ribs. Before his mishap he motored to Geneva, Lyons, Clyde, Savannah, Syracuse, Utica, and stopped at Auburn and called on Roderick Brown and Mike Chapman. Chapman accompanied Cherry to Onasco Lake Park to witness Walter Johnson and his flying boat. Lake flights made by Walter Johnson proved to be thrilling and interesting. Chapman and Cherry left the park for Auburn by trolley. Cherry left Auburn at six o'clock (evening), bade Chapman good-bye before examining his motorcycle. He had a smooth ride till he reached Cayuga, and was riding up hill, an auto went down hill on another road. Cherry was fifteen feet from the crossing and had the right of way. But the auto kept on running till it snoved Cherry's motorcycle off, and he was hurled ten feet from his motorcycle. He was picked up unconscious and carried in an auto to a physician's office who sewed the wound up; and was kept at Cayuga Hotel during the night and came home on Monday train.

Waldron paid all of his expenses and agreed to settle for the damage to his motorcycle. Cherry dropped the case into District Attorney Fitch's hands, and intended to sue Waldron, of Weedsport, who ran his auto over him. Sheriff Lee was a half-mile from the accident and had the auto party's name and had him take Cherry to the doctor for treatment. District Attorney said he had a good case against Waldron.

NEW JERSEY.

The New Jersey Association of the Deaf has at last awakened to the fact that it is about time to reorganize by broadening its scope for the good of all the deaf of the State of New Jersey.

The date selected for holding the Tenth Biennial Convention is a good one—Labor Day, September 7th. On that day all the deaf of the State should decide to go to Newark to attend, and their aim should be to try and aid in the organization of the Association.

If all the deaf unite with a will, on one band, the New Jersey State Association will spring to the fore as one of the best Associations for the Deaf in the country.

Now is the time for all the deaf of New Jersey to get together.

They can help much to uplift each other and to offer resolutions pertaining to the advancement of the deaf, thus showing to the hearing people they are, like the hearing, law-abiding and capable citizens of the Commonwealth.

Visitors from other States will be cordially welcome.

Baptist Minister to the Deaf

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

REV. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.

Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.

The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for Social organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in above States.

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FANWOOD

Under the caption, "Honor for Walter E. Kadel," the Port Jervis, N. Y., *Union*, of August 7th, has the following:—

Our popular deaf, young friend, Walter E. Kadel, son of John A. Kadel, has been lately assigned to an important position as supervisor and instructor of military drill at the Austin, Texas, Institution, at the beginning of the school term.

Through the recommendation of Principal Enoch Henry Currier, of the New York Institution for the Deaf, the appointment was made possible. Walter has completed a fine record at the New York Institution, having been the honor graduate of the class of 1914. His services as a cadet have been crowned with laurels in late years.

Through successful efforts and ceaseless attendance to duty he has risen from the position of private to the rank of Cadet Captain, winning his promotion through rigid attendance to duty.

Recently in military manoeuvres held at Fanwood and posed for by the cadets for the General Film Company, a handsome silver sabre was awarded to him for being the best drill officer. The sabre was awarded by the "Movie" company and is now a treasured memento of this event in his proud possession.

Among the Fanwood cadets at the Institute, Walter was one of the most popular, and as a cadet of the battalion we might say, "genius." He was also the winner of the Ida Montgomery testimonial.

We feel gratified in being able to announce that the general feeling of approval has been exchanged and that he will be well suited and qualified in his appointment.

The Texas Institution is under the direction of Superintendent Gus. F. Urbantke, and will organize military instruction to the boys to its many classical routines, beginning this September. Walter's position will be as major to the boys, the Superintendent being Colonel, as the regulation established in the famous N. Y. Institution for the Deaf. He will sail for Austin, Texas, to assume his duties, during the middle of September.

With him goes the good wishes of his many friends.

Mr. Kadel will continue his work in the art of oil painting at his new home in Texas. He shows great ability and we wish him success.

Prof. Elwood Stevenson, of the teaching staff of this school, who was married in Washington, D. C. to Miss Edith W. Long, after the Golden Jubilee of Gallaudet College, was a visitor here with his fair bride on Tuesday afternoon. Both Prof. and Mrs. Elwood Stevenson are children of deaf parents. They will make Brooklyn, N. Y., their home. Prof. Stevenson is generally liked here by the boys. He is of athletic build, and takes keen interest in the boys' sports, being a member of their base ball team.

This school possesses several baseball teams. Of course, the first is Fanwood, and among others the Lincolns. The Lincolns are a promising lot, and are long will be members of the Fanwood team. Baseball seems to be the chief sport among the deaf, even while at home. Several teams on Saturdays and Sundays play ball when they get the chance. The Lincolns played a game in the Bronx on the 9th inst. with a team composed of hearing boys called the Vulcans, but were defeated. They hope to do better next time.

The boys that "sling" type in the JOURNAL office this summer expect to spend a day on the ocean during the present month, to deprive the waters of some of the finny tribes. They hope that Rev. Mr. J. H. Keiser, who frequently goes down to the Fishing Banks, will accompany them as he did two years ago. If the trip is taken, ye readers look out for some big "fish stories."

In last week's Fanwood chronicle there was an error in the item which said Miss Barrager had entertained Miss Lauer. It should have read that Miss Barrager entertained Miss Rosa Halpen, and also her aunt and niece, during the interval between the close of school and the 23d of July, on which date Miss Barrager reduced the population of Gotham by leaving for Hancock, N. Y.

Accompanied by Joseph Boltzer, a one-time Fanwood pupil, Arthur Myers, of Providence, R. I., was here last Thursday. He is a graduate of the Providence school, but talks by the alphabet and signs and is strong for the Combined System of educating the deaf.

Another visitor here on Tuesday was Mr. W. H. Chambers, of Knoxville, Tenn., who is spending two weeks in the city. He just dropped in at the Printing Office for a few minutes are going to the Polo Grounds, where he saw the Giants beat the Cubs 4 to 1.

Charles Olson, who captured two medals at the Outing and Games

of the League of Elect Surds, at Ulmer Park, on Saturday, August 1st, expects to enter several events at the Games of the Clark Deaf-Mutes A. C., as also does Gonner Tingberg.

Charles Golden, one of the pupils, who is spending his vacation in "Sleepy Pottstown," Pa., writes that he is getting tired of dreamy spells, and wishes he was once more slinging type in the JOURNAL office. He sends regards to the printers here.

No doubt many of the JOURNAL readers are familiar with the site on Washington Heights, where the "Yankee" Baseball Club used to play. It is now being levelled to grade, and later it is expected apartment houses will be erected thereon.

The ball grounds at Fanwood have been deserted since the close of school in June last, and it looks as if no game will be played till after school re-opens on September 16th.

During the days following the death of Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President of the United States, until after the funeral, the Institution flagpole had the national banner draped at halfmast.

Principal Currier went back to his summer home at Essex, N. Y., on Friday, August 7th, just in time to escape the sizzling heat that is marking-time in and around New York at the present writing.

Among those whom the great European War has marooned in foreign lands is Miss Amelia E. Berry, a teacher at this school, who was in Paris when last heard from.

During the past week several employees returned to their duties after spending a month's vacation, and those on duty during July have departed for a month's respite.

The painters are still busy re-painting various parts of the school buildings. At present they are engaged re-painting the fire-escapes of the Trades School building.

The chief talk among the pupils, officers and others here, is the War in Europe. All regret that it has been brought about, and hope it will be a very short one.

Mrs. Hannah Tingberg paid a visit to her son, Gonner, on Friday afternoon, and was pleased to learn that he was making progress in the printing office.

Leopold Breslaner, the great sprinter of the Clark Deaf-Mutes Athletic Club, was an early caller here last Tuesday.

Robert J. Nicholas, a former pupil of the Trenton (N. J.) School for the Deaf, was a caller here Tuesday.

George Gilmour called up here to chat with the boys twice during the week.

N. A. D. Membership.

DEAR EDITOR:—By looking over the list of new members of the National Association of the Deaf, Mr. H. D. Drake, the Treasurer, failed to credit me with the following new members, who hold receipts for payment of the initiation fees:

Mr. F. A. Simonson, New York; Mrs. F. A. Simonson, New York; Mr. Marcus L. Kenner, New York; Mr. Harry E. Stevens, Merchantville, N. J.

By virtue of my office as a member of the Executive Committee, I appointed with the ratification by the President the following State Organizers to cover the territory allotted to me as comprising of New York City, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware:

For Western Pennsylvania, Mr. Michael Kornbloom, Arrot Building, Pittsburgh.

For Central Pennsylvania, Miss Theresa W. Schoenenberger, 1123 Centre Street, Ashland.

For Eastern Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey, Mr. Harry E. Stevens, Box 81, Merchantville, N. J.

For Delaware, Mr. Charles T. Malone, 507 Washington Street, Wilmington.

I hope to announce soon the name of a State Organizer for Northern New Jersey.

Any one interested should apply to any of the above State Organizers or to me, according to the section he or she lives in, for application blanks and interesting literature touching on the objects and achievements of the National Association of the Deaf.

We represent the most populous section of the United States, but the membership roll is way down in comparison with the other parts of the country. Let us try and maintain our reputation for energy and intelligence and emulate the grand example as set by the State of California.

With many thanks for your attention, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,

Member Executive Committee, N. A. D.

August 9, 1914.

When a man thinks he knows it all, it is both cruel and difficult to undeceive him.

WASHINGTON.

We have been impatiently longing to hear our Baron von Barndoor announce his engagement to his charming lady, but we fear that his wedding will never come off, or we may be mistaken. But why so long? We understand that the love between them began to spark at the Cleveland Convention last summer. Just one year ago. Now is the time—why delay? Is your heart impenetrable, or is the aim of Dan Cupid faulty? You must have been slow in proposing to her, or have you not lost your nerve? Remember old saying, "Faint heart ne'er winneth fair damsel." Delay not! For there might be some young Lochinvar, "so faithful in love and so dauntless in war," who will kidnap your sweetheart. Beware!

The Lowells have moved into their beautiful bungalow at Takoma Park, D. C., where they make their permanent residence. They are getting along so fine, that it seems as if they have rubbed Aladdin's wonderful lamp. Congrats. We need not be surprised next time, for we will be seeing a magnificent auto-car speed by, steered by the slender form, bent over the wheel, looking seriously with eye-goggles on, taking his Madame and children for a spin.

Mr. Edington, still retaining the old fashioned southern hospitality, invited many of his friends to a lawn-fete in honor of Mr. Martin and Mrs. Martin, of Arkansas, who had been the guests of Mr. Edington for about two months, the other night. The moon was shining, but lazily, and the lawn was lighted with the Japanese lanterns. A few games were played. Mr. Martin amused the party with sleight-of-hand. Mr. Stewart, who has been heretofore believed to be a serious fellow, all of a sudden, frolicked like a colt and played a few practical jokes on them, much to his delight. They wondered at the change. Mr. Erickson was a great jollier too, and was also an ally of Roy J., in causing much jollity among the gathering. Mr. Prunder, who seems to be going to seed, was seen perching on his seat, doing nothing, but talking with some charming ladies. Mr. Ellegood was soliloquizing all the evening. If it were not for want of space, we would like to write more of others, who, we think, deserve honorable mention. Delicacies were "devoured" and the camera "took" our pictures as finale.

Miss Maude Edington is spending her two weeks' vacation with her deaf friend, Miss Amelia Bosford, at Chesapeake Beach. The deaf population here is dwindling to so few that it reminds us of Goldsmith's poem, "The Deserted Village." Apparently, having heard of the fuss her hubby made about the grub in restaurants, Mrs. Merrill gladly hastened home to do home-cooking for him.

Mr. Sonder, at this writing, has almost fully recovered from the operation, and has resumed his official duties at the Census Bureau.

Mrs. Schuessler, of Kentucky, having been the guest of the Ericksons for some time, has returned home.

Mr. J. S. Edelen, a head printer at the Government Hospital for the Insane, has been granted a leave of absence for two weeks, spending his vacation with his relatives in Cumberland, Md.

Our great deaf financier Ellegood has recently made another new venture, by purchasing all worn-out bunnies, and selling them to the Swiss cheese factories. Wise guy!

T. F.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The following is taken from the *Boston Globe*, of August 8th:—

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ayres, of 219 Auburn Street, Cambridge, resident of that city for 45 years, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last night. A reception was tendered them at the home of their daughter, Mrs. A. J. Hazlett, 8 Center Street, Cambridge. A shower of gold was among the many remembrances.

Mr. Ayres was born in Boston 75 years ago and is an expert hand engraver on wood. Mrs. Ayres, who is 72, was born in St. Johns, N. F. Both are deaf-mutes and were educated at the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, where they first met. They were married in Boston and moved to Cambridge a few years later. They attend the Trinity Episcopal Church for Deaf-Mutes at Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Ayres have four children, Mrs. A. J. Hazlett, of Cambridge, Mrs. A. Reid, of Chicago, Thomas N. Ayres, a well-known caterer, and Walter G. Ayres. All the children assisted in last night's festivities.

Mr. Goldsmith received a cablegram from London that his daughter is in Rome, Italy, now. She may come home in September. Mr. John Cunningham, son of deaf parents, is having a good time on his vacation at Camp Nashaway, N. H., for two weeks.

The less you brag of what you can do the less difficulty you will have on making good and staying good.

A LAUGH.
A laugh is just like music,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along!

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart;
And where its melody is heard
The lills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

—Exchange.

ONLY A LITTLE "MALA-MOOT" DOG.

She was only a little black "Malamoot" dog, not much bigger than a fox, as affectionate as a kitten, and she liked nothing half so much as to roll herself up in a ball in one's lap to be petted while she slept.

But in the mining-camps up and down the river there was wonder that such a little ball of wool could hide such a big, courageous and unselfish heart. The little thing seemed far too small to work, but when she was leading the team on a journey she was a veritable martinet, and ruled the other dogs with relentless discipline—far better than any driver could do, even though he held in his hand the knout of the Alaska trails—a dog chain with a heavy snap on its end.

The little dog had lived with me in the camps, and had "mushed" with me on a hundred stampedes.

Once when we were sliding across a lake of new ice and the ice began to break under our weight, she had literally forced the other dogs to pull for dear life over the waving surface. When it finally broke, so that all I could do was to lie at full length on the long sled to distribute my weight and the dogs were jumping from cake to cake, her courage and persistence, and her cheering, coaxing cry, had made the larger and stronger dogs pull me and the sled to safety.

And another time, when she and I, out hunting in the mountains, lost our way, she ran off to the highest peaks, one after another, until she had located the camp. Then her bark, which I so well understood, assured me, and she led me back safely.

And this was the little Nellie that my three comrades had just decided must be killed and fed to the other dogs. I had no part in the discussion; there was nothing to say, and there seemed no alternative.

It was January night in the Alaska Rockies; the thermometer was not less than forty degrees below zero. The snow was everywhere shoulder deep. For six days and nights we had not tasted food, nor had the dogs.

My three comrades and I had set out from one of the cross-river camps with a young woman who had broken her thigh, and were taking her to the nearest hospital, two hundred and fifty miles away. For the first hundred miles all had gone well; but an air hole in a lake had swallowed our provision sled, and without an instant's warning we were left with not more than a couple pounds of food to last us for one hundred and fifty miles of an unbroken winter trail, over mountain and valley, in snows of every imaginable depth. For three days we had come along with what courage we could, and had hoped against hope that we might come upon some camp in the wilderness, where we might be aided on our way.

The little food we had we had kept for the sick girl, and she did not even know we had lost our supply. The last three days had taxed our strength and our courage to the utmost. The fourth day after our misfortune we had made ten miles, the fifth less than five, and to-day we had travelled hardly more than two or three.

On the night of the six day we boiled a little beef extract for our charge, and that, mixed with crackers, made her supper. The girl had now gone to sleep in the rude tent we had thrown up for her comfort, and we were seated about a big spruce fire to discuss our desperate situation. The dogs were "all in," in the language of the miners. They were so weak from hunger that the weight of that slight girl had made them reel and stagger.

The four of us, big, strong men of a week ago, had got well past the stage of hunger, and were weak and tired, so awfully tired and sick! But every one of us had been in desperate places before. The consensus of opinion was that little Nellie, the leader of the team, could be spared better than one of the big dogs; she could not pull much at best, and where it was a vital case, we could really get along without a leader.

So it was decided that little Nellie should be killed for the other dogs to eat; and my crown of woe was that it was I who was selected to do the work—for the alleged reason that I, being a surgeon, "was used to blood."

The other men had gone to bed, and I was alone with my little dog. The rest of the team had gone a little way out from the fire, and were lying in the snow, asleep. Nellie was at my feet, and when I spoke her name she wagged her tail and came over to rub her soft wool on my knee; she was far too weak

to climb up on my lap now. When she looked up in my face, as if to ask why we were suffering so, the horror of my silence, while she was being condemned, came upon me, and to escape the rush of blood to my head, I walked down the fire, and into the night and snow. When I returned she was gone, and I breathed a sign of relief. Perhaps she had already lain down somewhere and died, and so I might be saved the sickening alternative. But my knees were giving way, and I slid down to the log again, and soon was lost in a half sleep and half-come from my weakened condition.

How long I was stretched out there I do not know, but I was awakened by a sharp little bark that I knew well. It was my little dog. She had returned, and my first thought was that now I should have to choose between my pet and my comrades—perhaps the lives of all of us, even of the sick girl.

When I finally looked upon the continued whine and the affectionate rubbing against my knee, there stood the little dog, and in her month she had a big fish. I could not believe my eyes, and feared that I had got to the point of seeing in my mind things that had no existence. But there it was, a big white fish, and when I caught hold of it, it was still unfrozen, as if it had just come from the water; and Nellie's fur was wet, and already freezing in little icicles about her body. So she had got the fish out of the water.

I thought, of course, that was all there was to it; but I had grasped at the chance I had to offer in the morning for not carrying out the agreement—she had brought the fish, which we could give to the dogs. I had the fish down on the log, and began to break off the icicles from her coat, when she started away, and when she was out of the firelight, began to whine. So I followed her into the night, taking with me our one candle and some matches.

Finally we reached a spot which she seemed to be looking for. She stopped, and I heard a plunge into the water. I lighted the candle, and as soon as my eyes were accustomed to the light I saw the little dog at my feet with another fish in her mouth. So there were more where the first one came from. I went closer, and could see distinctly a hole apparently cut of the solid ice. It was not more than ten feet across in any direction; it was evidently shallow, and its clear, cold waters were literally filled to overflowing with fish. They seemed to be all of a size, white fish weighing not less than three or four pounds each. I could see many of them.

I almost ran back to the camp, calling the boys as I stumbled along. Soon we were all back at the hole. It was one of the so-called "lungs" of the lake—air holes in the ice that open up in every body of Alaskan water, small or large, whenever the temperature goes thirty or more degrees below zero.

In the next two days we had taken out of that hole two hundred and nineteen fish. Dogs and men feasted to the full, the dogs taking theirs raw, and we men taking turns cooking and eating. We took along plenty of fish when we finally moved on, and got into the hospital camp of the Northwest mounted police all right, and with our little patient in good shape.

Nellie has been stolen many times since that night by newcomers in the Alaska country, who had heard about her, and one time the thieves got nearly two hundred miles down the river before they met any body; but that was as far as they got. A committee was formed in half an hour, half a dozen dogteams were "hooked up" and within an hour the thieves under escort were on their way back up the river.

Nellie still belongs to me, and is the special ward of the Yukon mining camps.—*Youth's Companion.*

Lovers of Drama.

Frederick the Great had a strong sense of the dramatic. So had a certain lieutenant colonel in the Prussian army. Accordingly, there is plenty of "plot" in the following story:

The officer, who had been discharged at the close of the Seven Years' War imported the king to be reinstated. Weary of the incessant solicitations of his troublesome visitor, Frederick at last gave orders that he should never be admitted to his presence.

Some weeks later a most bitter libel against his majesty appeared. Frederick seldom gave himself any concern about such pasquinades; but the present one exasperated him so much that he offered a reward of fifty frederichs of gold for the discovery of the author.

The day following, the disgraced lieutenant colonel demanded and obtained an audience.

"Sir," he began, on being admitted, "Your majesty had just promised fifty frederichs for the discovery of the author of a recent publication. I am come to claim the recompense. Behold in me the unfortunate libeler. My life I forfeit freely; but remember your royal

pledge, and while you punish me, send to my poor wife and children the reward due to the informer."

The king, although struck with the sad extremity and self-sacrifice of the officer, said sternly: "Go instantly to the fortress of Spandau, and there await my judgment."

"I obey," said the culprit; "but the money?"

"Within two hours your wife shall receive it," said the king. "Take this letter, and give it to the commandant, but he must not open it until after dinner."

The lieutenant colonel arrived at Spandau, and gave himself up as a prisoner. At the prescribed moment the commandant, opened the royal mandate. It ran:

To the bearer I give the command of Spandau. I shall be with him in a few days. The present governor is to take the command of Berlin, as a reward for past services.

FREDERICK.

Damaged Pictures.

Although Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Henry James, the novelist, was badly handled by a cleaver wielded by a suffragette at the opening of the Royal Academy, it will not be an over-difficult task to repair it. The work of restoration has been entrusted to Major George C. Poller.

In restoring the portrait, the canvases, after the painted surface has been protected with tissue-paper, will be placed on a slate table. The back will then be covered with a sticky fluid, which will be pressed through to the surface of the picture with a heated iron. In this way the canvas will contract, and the cuts in it will close up. The canvas will finally be relined, and any spots where paint may be missing will be filled in by the restorer with a special preparation.

There are men in London who follow the profession of picture restorer who are able to restore old paintings of value which have large holes in them, or the material on which they are executed hanging in threads. Moreover, they can, when necessary, transfer a painting to a new canvas.

If a picture of which the canvas is cracked, torn, or rotted with age is handed to a clever restorer, the first thing he does is to purchase a new canvas the same size as the old one. Having obtained this, he glues a sheet of stout Manila paper to the picture. He then carefully scrapes away the old canvas. This is a job that might occupy him for several days, or weeks if the canvas is a large one. Having removed every bit of canvas, the grounds upon which the paint lies are taken away by solvents or gentle scraping, until nothing remains but the fragile shell of pigment adhering to the paper.

The new canvas is then covered with the strongest fish-glue obtainable, and pressed firmly down upon the paper bearing the picture. As soon as the painting is firmly attached to its new foundation, nothing remains but to take off the Manila paper. This can be done with hot water, and the surface of the painting has only to be cleaned to look as bright and clear as it was when the artist painted it.

In days gone by, many masters of the brush painted their works on wood or panel. Several such works, brought to light during recent years, have been found with their timber badly decayed, and in order to preserve them, it has been necessary to transfer them to canvas.

We believe it was M. Haquin, a French artist of note, who first successfully transferred a panel-painting to canvas. He glued a sheet of paper over the surface of the painting, and afterwards upon this a fine layer of muslin. When the glue was quite dry he planed down the panel until it was of the thinness of matchwood, when he scraped off the remainder with a long, flexible knife. This done, the mere skin of color held together by the paper and muslin was left, and it was a comparatively easy task to glue this to a canvas and remove the paper and muslin.

If an old picture has a portion of its pigment missing, this may be replaced by an artist with colors from a brush, but sometimes oil or but worthless colors are used for the purpose.

How to Win an Author.

"There's no greater fallacy," said an author at the New York Authors' club, "than the popular one to the effect that writers don't like you to talk to them about their work."

Mark Twain exploded this fallacy well when he said that there were three ways of pleasing an author: First, to tell him that you have read one of his books; second, to tell him you have read all his books; and, third, to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. The first way wins his respect, the second wins his friendship, and the third wins his love.

Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

SPIDER-SILK.

The silkworm is by no means the only creature that produces silk. Spiders make their webs, nests, and egg-cocoons of a kind of silk that is well adapted for certain of man's uses. The filaments of spider-silk are much finer than those produced by the silkworm, but they are relatively stronger. The webs of the large spiders of tropical countries are strong enough to entangle small birds.

As early as the seventeenth century, travelers in Paraguay found that the natives made clothing from the webs of a species of *Epeira*, the genus to which the common garden spider belongs. Spider-silk has been used for centuries in China, India, and West Africa; notably in the Chinese province of Yunnan, where the so-called "silk of the Eastern Sea" is produced.

In the year 1708 a French jurist, Monsieur Guenau de Montpelier, succeeded in making several pairs of gloves and stockings from the silk of garden spiders. The first really practical experiments, however, were made by an Englishman named Rolt. By his process, he drew the silk directly from the body of the spider; and the material he obtained was much stronger than that spun under normal conditions. The end of the filament he attached to a bobbin, which was revolved by steam. The process does not seem to incommode the spider. After she has been robbed of all her silk, she rests for ten days, and is then ready to yield another supply.

As the silk comes from the spinnerets it is covered with a viscous substance, which is washed off in running water. The filaments are very fine; from eight to twenty-four must be combined to form a single thread. The fabric that these threads produce is much lighter than ordinary silk. For that reason, cords of spider-silk are especially suitable for the nets that enclose balloons.

At present the most promising experiments in the production of spider-silk are carried on in Madagascar. They use a large spider called the *halabe*. At the school in Tananarivo they pay the natives eight cents a hundred for the spiders, each of which yields a filament from 1,000 to 3,000 feet long. The silk is of a superb glossy yellow, but its color is not permanent.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.
Rev. J. A. Brandt, Assistant, 2704 Bernard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

BONDS FOR INVESTMENT.

The fundamental principles governing sound investment are safety of principal, income return, marketability and distribution of risk. The wise investor divides his funds among issues varied in character and location.

We shall be glad to mail, on request, a selected list of municipal, railroad, public utility and industrial bonds, offering investments in various parts of the United States and Canada.

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A Life Insurance premium is NOT expense, and you are not paying something for nothing. You are SAVING MONEY, and Insurance is taking care of it for you. We make no special plea; this is business done in a business-like manner. Each one pays his share, and does so, because it is for his interest to do so. Think it over!

INSURE NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! IN YEARS TO COME, YOU OR YOUR LOVED ONES WILL BE THANKFUL!

For sample policy and full information write or see our Sole Eastern Special Agent for deaf-mutes.

MARCUS L. KENNER
200 WEST 111TH STREET
New York

"The Last But Not The Least."

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR

Brooklyn Division,
No. 23 N. F. S. D.

PICNIC AND GAMES

—AT—

ULMER PARK ATHLETIC FIELD

ON

Saturday Afternoon and

Evening, August 29, 1914

MUSIC BY PROF. VAN BAAR

COMMITTEE:

Harry Leibsohn, Chairman
A. J. McLaren, Max M. Lubin
John Bohman, Jacob Landau
Herman Flaplager, A. C. Berg

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

Directions—Take "West End" Elevated Line from the Manhattan Terminal at Brooklyn Bridge and get off at Ulmer Park, and walk about one block.

Authority of "Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf."

BULLETIN

OF THE

Hebrew Congregation

of the Deaf

SERVICES at Temple Emanu-El, 5th Avenue, corner 43d Street, every Friday evening, at 8:15 o'clock.

Socials at Y. M. H. A. Building, Corner Lexington Avenue and 92d Street, every Tuesday evening, except where indicated below, mostly free.

"Brooklyn Branch Services" are held at Temple, Putnam Ave. between Reid & Stuyvesant Aves., every Friday evening, 8:15 P.M.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N.F.S.D. meets at Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, THOMAS J. CONROY, Secretary, 77 Douglas Street, (Brooklyn) or LOUIS A. COHEN, State Organizer, 73 E. 96th St., New York.

Notice to New Englanders.

The Board of Directors of the New England Gallaudet Association has cast a mail vote, with the result that the next Convention of the Association will be held in Portsmouth, N. H., September 7th and 8th, 1914. The following day (September 9th) will be as usual be devoted to some pleasure excursion. Full particulars will be published in the JOURNAL later.

FANNIE P. KIMBALL
Sec'y N. E. G. A.
85 Spring Street,
Portland, Me.

"GREATEST OF ALL"

THIRD

PICNIC AND GAMES

under the auspices of the

Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association

to be held at

ULMER PARK, (ATHLETIC FIELD), BROOKLYN

Saturday afternoon and evening, August 15, '14

Tickets - 25 Cents

MUSIC BY PROFESSOR SWEYD

Baseball game between All Stars and Hudson Guild starts at 2 P.M. for a loving cup. The following events are open to all athletes, except the CLARKS. Entrance fee for each is 15 cents. Prizes—Gold medal to first and silver medal to second in each event:

220 YARDS DASH THREE-QUARTER MILE RUN

TWO AND HALF MILE RUN

12 LB. SHOT PUT

Handsome prizes will be awarded to the winners, seconds and thirds in the following events. No entrance fee will be charged: Married Men's 100 Yards Dash, Men's Horse Saddle Race, Ladies' Ball Throwing, and Ladies' Hopscotch Race.

PUT-OF-WAR (in team of six men)—Entrance fee of each team is \$1.00. Silk Banner with gold braided letters and gold plated eagle awarded to winner.

All entries should be sent to Ludwig Fischer, 333 Second Avenue, New York, on or before August 15th.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.

WILLIAM GREENBAUM, Chairman

ISIDORE BLUMENTHAL

LOUIS BLUMENTHAL

LEOPOLD BRESLAUER

LUDWIG FISCHER

WOLF SCHULMAN

JOE ZEISS

NEW JERSEY PENNSYLVANIA.

Twenty-Eighth Convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, to be held in Pittsburgh, August 27th to 29th, 1914.

The meetings will be held in the chapel of the West Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Edgewood Park, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, (at a distance of seven miles east from Pittsburgh), beginning at ten o'clock, Thursday morning, August 27th.

Thursday morning, August 27th.

1. Invocation.

2. Address of welcome by President J. Charles Wilson, Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Dr. William N. Bart, Superintendent, Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, President Charles Fritzsche, Pittsburgh Local Branch, P. S. A. D.

3. Responses by President of the Society, Mr. James S. Reider, Philadelphia, Visitors representing Local Branches P. S. A. D.

4. Reading of Minutes of Last Meeting.

5. Annual Report of the Board of Managers.

6. Appointment of Committee on Enrollment and Business.

7. New Business.

8. Addresses by members and others.

9. Announcements.

10. Adjournment.

Thursday afternoon, Exsursion.

A trolley ride to the "Home of the 67" and a journey through the kitchen of H. J. Heinz Co. to see how the 57 varieties are made.

Further particulars to be made known at the Convention.

Thursday evening, eight o'clock, Public Meeting.

1. Invocation.

2. Introductory Remarks.

3. Appointment of Committee on Resolutions.

4. Annual Address by the President of the Society, Mr. James S. Reider.

5. Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the Home at Doylestown.

6. Address by the President of the Board of Trustees of the Home, Dr. A. L. E. Cronter, Superintendent, Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

7. Addresses by members and others.

8. Reiteration.

9. Announcements.

10. Adjournment.

Friday morning, August 28th, at nine o'clock.

1. Invocation.

2. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Home at Doylestown.

3. Report of Committees.

4. Unfinished business.

5. Addresses by Presidents of Local Branches.

6. Appointment of Committee on Nomination.

7. Introduction of Resolutions.

8. New Business.

9. Papers, if any, and discussions. (All papers to be referred to the Committee on Business for approval.)

10. Announcements.

11. Adjournment.

Friday afternoon.

(See below.)

Friday evening.

Reception and Supper at the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf. Further particulars will be made known at the Convention.

Saturday morning, August 29th, at nine o'clock.

1. Invocation.

2. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society.

3. Reports of Committees.

4. Election of four managers in place of R. M. Barker, F. A. Leitner, John A. Roach and William K. Clayton.

5. Report of fifteen minutes. (To enable the Board of Managers to elect new officers for the ensuing year.)

6. New Business.

7. Announcements.

8. Declarations.

9. Closing Address by the President of the Society.

10. Adjournment sine die.

Saturday afternoon.

(See below.)

ACCOMMODATIONS.

Only members of the Pennsylvania Society attending this Convention and who reside outside of Pittsburgh and vicinity, over sixteen years of age, will be lodged at this Institution free of charge. No meals whatever will be served by the Institution.

The Local Committee will arrange with restaurants and boarding houses in the vicinity of the Institution to serve meals to delegates and visitors. The charges for meals are very reasonable.

For those who are not members of the P. S. A. D., the Hotel rates are as follows:

Seventh Avenue (European Plan)—Single room, \$1.50; Single room, (2 persons), \$1.25 each. At this hotel club breakfasts can be had at 50 to 75 cents.

Colonial Annex Hotel.—Rooms \$1.00 up.

The Local Committee will advise the members later what to do on Friday and Saturday afternoons. They have some good places to visit in sight, but they cannot decide at present. Will announce plans shortly before the open of the Convention.

For further information, hotel rates, etc., write to the Chairman.

F. A. LEITNER,
Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.
234 Rebecca Avenue, Wilkinsburgh, Pa.